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NUMBER II.

CONTAINING

One Penny worth of Anſwer from John Bull to his Brother Thomas.—John Bull's Second Anſwer to his Brother Thomas.—A Letter from John Bull to his Countrymen.—The Mayor of Paris's Speech on the Murders of the 2d and 3d September.

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ONE PENNY-WORTH OF ANSWER

FROM

JOHN BULL TO HIS BROTHER THOMAS.

Look e're you leap, and cautious fly from *Pain*,
Or you will find—*Old Chaos* come again.

London, Dec. 3, 1792.

DEAR BROTHER,

I Thank you for your kind letter. But you need not fear me.—I am neither ſo *falſe* or *inattentive* to our common intereſts, as to believe in, or truſt to, "Thoſe *Revolutioniſts* and *Republicans*," as you call them;—They have, it is true, Brother Thomas, attempted and tried by all their arts and tricks, to turn me; ecod, I think to turn me topſy turvy;—But ſays I to myſelf;—*Who be ye?—What be ye? Where d'ye come from?—What d'ye want?*—Says Reaſon directly,—"*Beware* "*of wolves in ſheeps' cloathing—Hypocrites—Robbers, Murder-*"*ers, Fellows void of Principle.—Incendiaries* who would ſet "fire to a houſe, that they might plunder the property in the

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" confuſion ; *beggars*, who are undone in their own fortunes,
" and aiming at thy deſtruction, John.——Thy barn is well
" filled and they want to threſh thy corn. *John take heed ! !*"

Good Nature has (you know, Thomas) always been the character of our family ; but don't think me ſuch a fool, as to throw away *preſent* and *certain* happineſs for the *chance* of *future*, when that future alſo is to be ſought for and obtained *through guilt*, and *the manifold horrors of murdering innocents, from party prejudice ! Sacrificing parental and fraternal affections, and overthrowing thoſe* HIGH DUTIES *which are juſtly due*, to OUR GOD and to OUR KING!—*No Thomas ! Never ! ! Honeſt John Bull*, I have long been called ; *honeſty* ſignifies *fidelity, perſeverance, and integrity*. I poſſeſs them ALL ; and the *thrice* valuable diſtinction of *honeſt*, ſhall go down to my children, as the well merited addition to my Name.

We have been holders for many generations of this *goodly eſtate* ; and there has not yet been one of the family *faithleſs* to his *Liege Lord*. Shall I then be the firſt to throw *off fealty*, becauſe a neſt of *Raſcally Levellers*, from their mouths of envy, cry aloud, " we poſſeſs true Freedom, we are ſubject to no " controul ; we are the free tenants of the world," not I ; I ſay with you, Thomas, " its falſe," *They have not ; they do not poſſeſs pure freedom* ; are they not fettered and chained to the car of anarchy ; and are they not toiling through the dark paſſages of violence, rapacity, famine and death ? While we, houſed in our comfortable cabins, can hear the wind blow and the rain beat. Our cattle are ſafe in the ſtall, our corn untrampled by the foe ; and if we ſhould *through the mouldring of time, want a little repair ; we have but to aſk*, AND LANDLORD WILL GRANT THEM. Then again if we have a complaint to make, or are complained againſt, are we not left to judge for ourſelves, as a body may ſay—that is—*Don't we juſtly determine one neighbour for the other. Here we have pure and true Equality of Britiſh Government !*—THAT we'll preſerve and continue thankful for to Time's end.

As for *High* and *Low*, *Rich* and *Poor*, *Learned* and *Ignorant*, being *Equals all*, all of one degree—This is nonſenſe—impoſſible. Where is *Right* and *Wrong*—where *Science* and *the Arts*? Suppoſe now, Thomas, chance ſhould place you and I in a ſhip at ſea, where we never were before, ſhould we ſcoff at the ſailors, for managing the ſhip ſo well as to bring us ſafe back again, when if we were left to ourſelves, we ſhould be loſt, becauſe we did not know how to manage it ; ſhould we at ſuch a time call the ſailors our equals ? It is nonſenſe. Did not their judgment and ſkill ſave the ſhip ? Now, Thomas, it is

juſt

juſt the ſame in the Arts of Government; are not you and I, and all mankind, benefited by the labours of thoſe that are gone hence, and alſo by the diſcernment and ſuperior talents of the living, who are higher gifted than ourſelves?—Pſha! it won't bear talking about—The return of equality muſt prove the return of miſery; but no more of this fooliſh ſtuff.

Let us grant, Thomas, that we do labour a little for the eaſe we enjoy; *don't Landlord work in his turn too*; and did not he buy *the manor*, as one may ſay, at leaſt *his fathers* did for him, and gave a good price too?—

As to their "Ca ira," what is it?—In order to get at the real ſenſe of it, I aſked our good *old Parſon Orthodox*, who ſays, I am ſure Thomas he *is right*, becauſe it agrees with all their actions.—He ſays, "Ca Ira," means, "*As I'm ruined—as "I'm unhappy—as I am a wretch*;—*I'll endeavour to render my "neighbour ſo too, and bring the happy down to my own miſera-"ble forlorn condition*; *and when I have done that, we ſhall be all "alike*; *and then that's* EQUALITY.—Perhaps, *if I can make "him diſſatisfied with his ſituation, fortitude may forſake him in "an unguarded moment, and, I ſupplanting, may riſe upon his "downfall.*"

There's "Ca Ira" for you! But is it not ſo?—Whoever attempts to diſprove it, Thomas, bid him aſk of the numberleſs thouſands who are now in tears in France, who are crying for the loſs, *ſome* of their fathers—*ſome* of their brothers—*ſome* of their huſbands—*The old*, of the comfortable and only prop of declining life—The *young*, of their natural protection—*babes* deprived of their mothers—mother's of their offſpring—What will he ſay then? But let us turn from the dreadful ſcene; let us unite againſt the hour "of lamentation, and weeping, "and great mourning, when Rachel may be weeping for her "children, and will not be comforted becauſe they are not."

To be ſure, Thomas, the *Lewis's* have been bad neighbours for ages. Yet, I *bear them no grudge*: No, God help them, they are in trouble enough now; let us be warned by their example, and guard againſt like evils fallen upon them. We ſhould remember, Thomas, we have got no *Baſtille* in England.

As to *the cabal* overturning religion, it was a branch wanting to the *Great Tree* of Evil *they* were about to plant. *Not that they are diſbelievers*, or think RELIGION *uſeleſs in their hearts.* No! They well know—it holds mankind together in the grand *chain* of univerſal benevolence; *That chain*, which they wiſhed to divide, to *ſever Man from his God*, and reduce him to a level with the brutes.—Their general *re-*

ſifting ſpirit required it—no other means could be found—no caſuiſtry—no ſophiſtry could ſupport the abolition and diſtruction of earthly Monarchy ; but the *denial of heavenly ſupremacy*.

I ſhall conclude with aſſuring you of *my inviolable attachment to our good old principles* ; truſting that you, Thomas, will commune with, and adviſe all your neighbours to think and ſtedfaſtly act in the ſame way ; bid them remember the Fables of " the old Man and his Sons with the bundle of " Sticks ;" and of " the Houſe divided againſt itſelf." Bid them, " Set their *hearts* and *minds* againſt *innovations* and *le-* " *velling plunderers* :" thoſe *profeſt foes* to the bleſſed doctrine of " *peace and good will to all*,"———So ſaying,

Remember your affectionate brother,

JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL's SECOND ANSWER

TO HIS

BROTHER THOMAS.

DEAR BROTHER,

I THANK you over and over again for your very kind letter, and I aſſure you that I ſhall follow your advice, as I heartily agree with what you ſay. It was very thoughtful of you to caution me againſt the ſnares that evil minded men were laying for me, for you know very well that I am too plain, too honeſt, and too open hearted; and too apt to believe every body like myſelf---ſincere, juſt, and true : though I muſt own, that I have been ſo often tricked (both by Engliſh, as well as by foreign ſharpers) that I begin to look ſharp now, therefore not ſo eaſy to be taken in : beſides, as I fear God and love my King and Country, and always pray to the Lord to deliver me from the crafts and ſubtleties that the Devil or man worketh againſt me, I truſt that he will give me grace to reſiſt the temptations of the Devil ; and power to overcome wicked men, which are his IMPS. I am amazed to hear that we are to learn every thing from thoſe French Tigers (for they are not Monkies now) as they have changed their mimicking and chattering, into clawing and biting. But what are

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we to learn from 'em? To cut innocent folk's heads off, and carry 'em about the ſtreets fixed on a pole, marching to their helliſh tune of *Ca ira* and other cruelties too ſhocking to mention. You ſay we muſt believe out of the French bibles; but I ſay that I never will: for the words of bad men muſt give way to the word of God. If it begins with ſaying that men are all equal, it begins with a lye; and as lying is the work of the Devil, *it muſt* have been wrote by his direction. They may as well ſay that Brutes are equal; but we know better; for the Mule is not equal to the Elephant; the Aſs to the Horſe, or the Pig to the Lion; neither in ſtrength nor wiſdom. This ſhews that the Almighty maker of the world thought proper (in his infinite wiſdom) to make diſtinctions: and he ſaw that all this was good. But let us ſuppoſe that men are born equal (becauſe they all come into the world without a ſhirt) do you think they can remain ſo long? No; becauſe the honeſt, ſober, induſtrious ſaving man will encreaſe his property; while the lazy, ſculking, drunken raſcal, will remain poor and miſerable. Here begins the alteration of equality; a thing that has always been, and always will be as long as the world ſtands: therefore the only way to be equal, is to be virtuous. Some nights ago I went to ſmoke a pipe with your old friend, David Truſty, (Sir John Blunt's ſteward) a ſenſible worthy old man, who has never done an unfair thing towards any one. He gave us a ſhort hiſtory of the French Revolution, by way of letting us know what we muſt expect if we tried to make one here; for it is eaſy to begin, but very hard to end.

When the National Aſſembly, ſaid Truſty, began to pull down religion, it was plain that they wanted to make themſelves maſters; and they were cunning enough to know, that if the people continued to fear God, they never would conſent to murder and plunder their neighbours: therefore they told them religion was all a hum, and that they would live as happy if they worked or danced, or got drunk of a Sunday, as they would be if they went to church morning and afternoon As it is more eaſy to perſuade people to do evil than to do good, they ſoon made them of their way of thinking, ſo they all became Atheiſts, that is to ſay, they neither feared God nor Devil. Now, my good friends, we all know very well that when man forſakes God, God forſakes him; ſo he is left intirely to the will of Satan, who gives him work enough to do. No wonder that they joined with ſuch good wills in robbing the Church and Clergy, and in butchering and baniſhing the great for the ſake of their property. Can ſuch a nation ſtand long? will not the fire of Heaven fall upon

it and consume it like Sodom and Gomorrah? Who, and what are the men, said I, that have accepted the Devil's commission to do all that mischief? Why, said he, the most active of their leaders were the most wicked, the most profligate, and the most villanous rascals in the kingdom; just like the men with whom they are linked in this country: fellows that have no honesty, no property, nor no credit: over-head and ears in debt; afraid of going to prison, and ready to undertake any thing, no matter what! away they go, *neck or nothing*, *sink or swim*, 'tis all one to them: they know that they can't change for the worse, and that makes them willing to try what luck will bring.

When I asked him who began to put such bad thoughts in the heads of Englishmen, who are noted all over the world for the love of their country? He answered, it must have been the Devil in the shape of Thomas Paine: for no man could be malicious enough to disturb the peace of his fellow creatures without provocation. Pray have you ever heard of the life of Mad Tom the writer of the Rights of Rogues; No, said I; then I'll tell it you. To his shame, be it said, he was born in England; by trade a Stay-maker; and he was too idle to earn his bread. He sold the goods of his ready-furnished lodging, and ran away with the money. He married two wives at once; one of them died of a broken heart from his ill usage; and the other he left to starve, if she liked it. He was in the Excise; but was kicked out for roguery. Then he went to America; and there he betrayed his country by helping the Americans to stab their old mother, who had brought them up so tenderly; but finding that she is almost recovered of the *wound*, and likely to live comfortably and creditably for many years, he is gone over to France, to prevail upon them, if he can, to come over and give her the *death blow*, as he is in hopes of getting part of her estates. As the French are determined to banish all honest men, and to encourage vagabonds, they have made him one of their members: so Tom is raised from the shop-board to the parliament house; and instead of making stays for three shillings a day, he gets fifteen for making laws; and you may judge how good they will be from the goodness of his actions." "Can a poor mad wretch," said I, "who ought to be chained in Bedlam or Newgate, boast of making laws for the world; and in particular a constitution for old Englynd, who is as sound and as fresh as a four-year old. Does he and his brothers think that we shall be as easily gulled as the French? and that Britons, who enjoy more liberty

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and property, than any nation under Heaven, will change it for their fooliſh equality?

But how can people be all equal? If every body was ſo, how ſhould I get a man to go to plough, a boy to tend the cows, and a maid to mind the dairy? If men were all made equal, very few would work: ſo we ſhould ſoon be as they are in Franee --half ſtarved. Dont you think this equality ſcheme was invented by ſome jail-bird, as a new way to pay off old debts?" "When I look at what paſſes in their convention," ſaid Truſty, "I hardly ſee any thing but complaints that make my heart ache. In one place they have no bread, and are obliged to eat bran boiled with garden-ſtuff; in another their poor ſoldiers are ſtarving for want of food and cloaths; forced to march bare-footed upon flints, becauſe they have neither ſhoes nor ſtock-iugs. In one town there's five thouſand men out of work; in another, ten; and at Lyons thirty thouſand ſilk-weavers are dying with hunger, becauſe their looms are all ſtopped: and all this owing to their baniſhing and plundering the rich, which are the only people that can afford to encourage trade. How would the numerous family of the Bulls (who have been admired by foreigners for their fat, jolly roſy faces and round bellies) like to change roaſt beef aud plumb pudding for bran and garden-ſtuff; and to be all made equal by changing their round faces and paunches for thin jaws and lank guts?" "Not at all," ſaid I: "but is that their equality?" "They are equal in nothing," ſaid he, "but in appearance; and that is half ragged and half famiſhed." "They were always very poor," ſaid a man who had lived there; "for I remember ſalt was ſo dear that they could ſcarcely get a bit to eat with their meat." "And do you think them better off now, ſaid Truſty, "that they have *no meat to eat with their ſalt?*"

After hearing of ſo many miſeries brought upon the poor of that unhappy country by a ſet of wicked, ſelfiſh men, can you ſuppoſe, my dear Thomas, that I could be ſuch a noodle as to believe any of the wretches (although they be Engliſhmen) they may ſend into the country to deceive me? No: thank God and good friends I know better; and if they expect to make a fool of me, they'll be miſtaken; and they may find, to their coſt, that they took hold of the wrong ſow by the ear." An ill looking dog (but well dreſſed) came to the houſe where I was with Mr. Truſty, and aſked leave to join us; and after calling for his bottle, he began talking about Liberty and Equality, Rights of Man, and ſo forth: at laſt he finiſhed by ſaying that he wondered why the people would not do as the French, join hand in hand to pull down the great, for this was

the right time, and if they did not ſucceed they had nothing to loſe. " What an impudent lie," ſaid I; " do you know an Engliſhman (except he is a lazy fellow, a drunkard, or a vagabond) that has nothing to loſe? Suppoſe that a journeyman carpenter loſes his cheſt of tools; will that be nothing? if that poor labourer loſes four weeks labour in helping you, will that be nothing? How is his wife and family to live? by the pariſh, you'll ſay; but how is the pariſh to keep them when the rich are become poor, and their wealth divided among thieves: who will remain to pay the poor's rates? you mean, (though you don't dare ſay it) that he may get a good booty, but if he does, it won't do him any good, becauſe he won't come by it honeſtly, ſo he may ſtand a chance at laſt, of dying like a thief at the gallows, in a jail, or in a ditch: for few of them die in their beds. " Well," ſaid he, " as we cannot agree, I'll go: ſo here's Tom Paine, Liberty and Equality." " You raſcal," ſaid an old ſoldier, " if you ſpeak another word I'll break your head; the king is my maſter; and what is more, a good huſband, a good father, and a good man. I have eat his bread a many years, and would loſe my life to ſave his: and ſooner than lift my hand againſt the man that feeds me, I would chop it off! Is there a man here, that would not do the ſame?" " God forbid," ſaid I, we ſhould be worſe than dogs, if we had no gratitude, for they always lick the hand that gives them food."

" Theſe villains," ſaid Truſty, " are hired to go about in this manner to preach the helliſh doctrines of their employers, who know, (by what has been done in France) that they can't *dethrone the King; put his Family in Priſon; overturn the Church and murder its Miniſters; baniſh the Nobility and Gentry; and make themſelves maſters of the Kingdom, without the help of working men;* for that reaſon theſe raſcals are ſent to make the people diſſatisfied, and to have them ready to join in a Mob: Beware of theſe Wolves in Sheep's cloathing: for they look full of meekneſs and ſanctity, and by their canting and whining, will perſuade you that they are as harmleſs as lambs: but that's all pretence: for their hearts are full of ſelfiſhneſs and deceit: therefore keep in mind the miſchief they have done, and guard againſt what they would do! If theſe men are not aſhamed of taking the natural enemies of this Country and Religion by the hand, and offer their ſervice to them; if they are not aſhamed of ſending a Briton, to be changed into a French Citizen, I have no reaſon to be aſhamed of ſaying that ſuch actions don't become a good Proteſtant,

teſtant, a good Chriſtian, or a good Man. Yet theſe are greateſt talkers about a reform." "I heartily wiſh," ſaid I, "that they would begin it by reforming themſelves, and ſo let charity begin at home." "That's a good wiſh," ſaid Truſty; "and if every man would ſet about doing the ſame, it would make us more happy than reforming the Conſtitution will do. Let us ſhew our love for our country, our attachment to our King, and our zeal for the conſtitution, by peaceable behaviour; but if our foes try to diſturb our happineſs, let the Britiſh Lion be rouſed; let every Engliſhman join heart in hand to deſtroy the common enemy, and ſhew to the world, that Britons will always be true to their Country, Church, and King. Let us fill a bumper, and drink a toaſt before we part. May the Almighty hand that made Great Britain, ever be ſtretched forth to ſupport it from home and foreign foes, and pour on the heads of its peaceable inhabitants, the choiceſt bleſſings of Heaven—Health, Peace, and Proſperity!"

What a good man Truſty is; I wiſh we had more like him. Now, my dear brother, I ſhall end this long letter, by wiſhing that we may live to ſee the Men who endeavour to confound our Peace, confounded; that they who are laying ſnares for us, may be catched in a Nooſe; and that the Engliſhmen who can't live in Comfort and Peace *under a good King*, may be forced to live in war, confuſion, and ſtrife, under a *bad French Convention*.

No more at preſent, from your loving Brother,

JOHN BULL.

P. S. I hear that there's two Reforming Parties beating up for recruits; one called The Demoliſhers, and the other The Botchers. The firſt ought not to be encouraged at all; and the other as little as poſſible; for as it is made up of very idle and careleſs workmen, who have been a long time out of bread, for want of characters, it is dangerous to truſt them, leaſt they ſhould do like travelling tinkers, ſtop one hole, and make two for the ſake of another job: beſides it is ſuſpected that they don't mean to uſe Engliſh Mortar in their work, but plaiſter of Paris; and 'tis that which makes people afraid; for as the plague has been a long time in that city, and ſo many poor people have died of it, we can't be too careful to keep it away, therefore it would be fooliſh to run any riſk.---Mind them all, Tom!

A LETTER

A LETTER

FROM

JOHN BULL TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,

MANY evil minded perſons are come amongſt us, who want to ſet us together by the ears as they have done in France, and wiſh to have us believe that *John Trot* the Plough-boy, ought to ſit in his maſter's chair, or at leaſt by the ſide of him; and this they call *Liberty* and *Equality*.

In order to bring about this wonderful change in the world, they tell you that all Kings muſt be knocked at head; there muſt be no Lords, no diſtinction of rank or property;---what do you think they mean by all this?---I'll tell you in two words---They want to be *uppermoſt* themſelves. They would make you believe there will be no taxes when this event takes place; but God forbid that old *John Bull* and his brethren ſhould ſo loſe their ſenſes as to believe ſuch an abſurd thing as this. Let who will be uppermoſt (and depend upon it, after millions of lives are loſt, ſomebody muſt be uppermoſt) taxes muſt be paid; as no nation or government can exiſt without money to ſupport it; which muſt be paid in part by thoſe who are undermoſt. They tell you that the taxes are very high: the taxes certainly are high, owing to the expence of the American War; and what is the remedy theſe ſeditious and wicked perſons propoſe? Why they are running us into a war with theſe mad Frenchmen, with whom they are in league, which in all probability will prevent the taxes from being taken off, which would have been (as we might have hoped from the example of laſt year) and in the midſt of the higheſt credit and proſperity, they are plunging old England into war and confuſion, by making you uneaſy and diſcontented, when you have every reaſon to be otherwiſe. With all theſe taxes of which they complain, I beg you to obſerve that there is ſcarcely one man in a hundred but what lives better than his father or grandfather did.

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Though there is a great number of taxes, there is greater plenty of money; and in ſome places ſo much that I can ſee many a rare hard fellow who can afford to drink three days in the week with the money he gets in the other three, and ſee many others very wiſe and good who quietly treaſure up their gains, and preſently ſet down to enjoy a comfortable reſt in their declining years; knowing at the ſame time that by the protection of the laws, they have no cauſe to fear its being taken from them, by an oppreſſive or unjuſt arm.

I defy any of theſe wretches who want to rob you of a peaceable and contented mind, to point out a time when this kingdom had more riches in it, or a more flouriſhing trade. Do not be ſo mad, my dear friends, as to throw away thoſe pre-eminent advantages, by ſuffering French Monſieurs to leap into old England's luxuriant meadows, and lay waſte thoſe glorious fields, in which ſo many honeſt Britiſh hands have toiled.

I will lay before you a ſhort hiſtory of what has happened in our own country. There was one king James II. that reigned over theſe kingdoms; and this fooliſh fellow took it into his head, to become a down right Papiſt, turning out every body that would not acknowledge the Pope, or do as he would have them; upon which I, *John Bull*, aroſe with all my hoſt, and fairly kicked him beyond ſeas: when we had done this we were not willing to be without a king, for we had all ſeen by woeful experience that neither Republick, nor having any old Noll as a Protector, would do; and we ſent for an honeſt good natured Dutchman called William, who had married one of our princeſſes, and we ſet him upon the throne on conditions, one of the chief was, that he himſelf confirmed to us, a *Declaration of Rights*, which is in effect the ſame as what is called *The Rights of Man*; with this material difference, that all the rights claimed then, were for the good order of Government, and the ſecurity of liberty, property, and quiet; whilſt thoſe claimed now, muſt end in the overthrow of all three. In conſequence of our agreement then, and our own propoſal, the preſent Royal Family came to the throne, and have ever ſince ſtuck by this *Declaration of Rights*, and behaved to all their ſubjects with as much mildneſs and goodneſs as poſſible. But I muſt remark to you, that though theſe advantages gained by the people were great, they were purchaſed very dear; for our taxes, then became heavier, and have been increaſing ever ſince, by which we may learn, that having a Revolution, is not the way to get rid of taxes; and you may depend upon it, if you had

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a new form of Government to-morrow, thoſe who would then get the rule, would take care to be well paid for their trouble; and you would ſee that when they had once got the power, they would not loſe the profit, nor would our pockets be a bit the heavier for it!

One of their grand cheats is to make you believe, that every poor man will be rich, and may teach you all to cry out "*Why ſhould one man be richer than another*;" If you will conſider a moment, you will ſee how abſurd this idea is; for if no man is to be richer than another, there would be an end of all arts, manufactures, trade, and commerce; for this plain reaſon, becauſe it would be of no uſe for any man to toil and work, if he could not be ſecure of enjoying what he had got, without being knocked at head by his neighbours. Preferments, honours, and riches in this kingdom are open to the attainment of every individual in it, who has merit or induſtry; and we ſee numberleſs examples, of perſons raiſed from the loweſt ſituations in life to the higheſt, by their own endeavours. Now, would it not be the wickedeſt, the moſt unjuſt, and baſe thing, that an aſſembly of riotous people ſhould riſe up againſt a man in ſuch a ſituation and ſay, "we will divide your gains amongſt ourſelves, and you ſhall only have a part?" Property was always held a moſt ſacred thing; and if ſuch doctrines as are now held forth, are to gain ground, no one can be ſafe, nor can there be peace or ſecurity in ſociety.

I ſhall now take my leave of you for the preſent, hoping theſe ſentiments will meet your approbation, and be of ſome ſervice to my country; and wiſhing you to remember that if you have any expectations of ſalvation in that eternal world to which we are all haſtening, you muſt faithfully obey thoſe holy precepts of your Religion, which bid you fear God, honour the king, and as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

I am, your true and honeſt adviſer
and real friend and brother,

Dec. 6, 1792. JOHN BULL.

Extract from the Speech of M. Pethion, the Mayor of Paris, upon the Accuſation of M. Roberſpierre, reſpecting the Murders of the 2d and 3d of September.

" ON the 2d of September the alarm is given by the " firing of guns, and the ringing of bells.—O day " of ſorrow! At theſe diſmal and alarming ſounds the citi- " zens aſſemble—they ruſh into the priſons—they maſſacre— " they aſſaſſinate. Manuel and ſeveral deputies of the Na- " tional Aſſembly repair to theſe places of ſlaughter; but " their efforts are vain—Victims fall even in their arms! " Meanwhile I was in a falſe ſecurity.—I was ignorant of " theſe cruelties. Nothing had been communicated to me " for ſome time. At length theſe horrors reach my ears;— " but how? In a very vague, indirect, and imperfect way; " and I am at the ſame time informed that all is over. Soon " after the moſt ſhocking accounts are brought to me: but " I was fully convinced that the ſun, which had riſen on " theſe horrid ſcenes, would never give light to ſuch ano- " ther day; and yet they continue. I write to the Com- " mandant General for troops to be ſent to the priſons. At " firſt I receive no anſwer. I write again. I am then told " that he has given orders. There is, however, no appear- " ance of the execution of any ſuch orders. The cruelties " ſtill continue. I then go myſelf to the council of the " commune; and from thence to the Hotel de la Force with " ſeveral of my colleagues.

" Citizens, not very tumultuous, filled the ſtreets leading to " the priſon. I found a ſmall guard at the door. I enter. " Never, no, never, will the ſpectacle, that preſented itſelf to " my eyes, be effaced from my heart! I ſaw two officers in " their ſaſhes; I then ſaw three men ſitting quietly at a table, " with the goaler's book open before them, calling over the " priſoners. Other men, putting queſtions to them—others " performing the offices of juries and of judges—a dozen of " executioners with their arms naked and covered with gore; " ſome of them with clubs in their hands; and others with " hangers and cutlaſſes ſtreaming with blood, inſtantly execut- " ing the ſentences pronounced---Citizens on the outſide im- " patiently awaiting the ſentences---obſerving the moſt pro- " found and ſullen ſilence at a decree of death, and ſhouting " with joy at an acquittal.---And both the men who judged, " and the men who executed, ſeemed to be in the ſame ſtate " of ſecurity, as if they had been appointed by the law to diſ- " charge thoſe offices. They boaſted of their juſtice, of their

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" great attention to diſtinguiſh the innocent from the guilty,
" and of the ſervices they had rendered:—and they wanted—
" can it be believed?—they wanted to be paid for the time
" they had thus paſſed! I was confounded at hearing them.
" I ſpoke to them the ſtern language of the law. I ſpoke to
" them with ſentiments of the deepeſt indignation. I made
" them all go out before me; and ſcarce had I quitted the
" priſon myſelf, when they returned. Again I returned there
" to drive them out. In the night they completed their hor-
" rid butchery."

Thus periſhed, by the moſt moderate accounts, in the ſpace of two days and nights, near *five thouſand* perſons, prieſts, nobles, citizens, ſoldiers, and women---and not even an attempt has yet been made to bring the mercileſs aſſaſſins to juſtice.

To avoid a ſimilar fate, full forty thouſand French of all ranks and deſcriptions have fled to the different countries of Europe—condemned, unheard to baniſhment, confiſcation of property, and the laſt extremity of wretchedneſs and want—ſome for having adhered conſcientiouſly to the religion and conſtitution their country---others for having refuſed, though, in the beginning, favourers of the Revolution, to go all the lengths dictated by a wild, cruel, and fanatic mob.

Are theſe examples to be propoſed to Engliſhmen?

FINIS.

SONG.

Tune: " *O the golden Days of Good Queen Beſs.*

WHAT a pother in this land, about our French neighbours!
How they live but t' command, and have ceas'd from all their labours:
Nothing now muſt be talk'd of, but the Grand Revolution,
We muſt follow the French faſhion, and change our conſtitution.
Long may Old England poſſeſs good cheer and jollity,
Liberty and property, and no equality.

How theſe gallant French heroes through Flanders do roam,
Glad to get their bread and cheeſe any where but at home.
But whilſt their poles of Liberty in every town they plant,
At home their wives and children are crying out for want.
Long may Old England, &c.

Well ſupply'd with Engliſh muſkets, how valiantly they fight;
They need but to preſent them their enemies to fright.
Their maſſacres and plunderings have ſo terrify'd the ſtates,
To preſerve their lives and property they open wide their gates.
Long may Old England, &c.

Then their good friends in England rejoice at the news,
And another fifty thouſand goes for blankets, coats and ſhoes:
A hundred thouſand ſacks of flour theſe ſoldiers brave to hearten,
While we at home muſt buy our loaves at ſevenpence a quartern.
Long may Old England, &c.

But orders are given now, by thoſe in high command,
That no more corn or flour ſhall be ſhipp'd from out this land;
That our poor may not want bread, and be famiſhing with hunger,
Whilſt French ſoldiers are brought over our towns for to plunder.
Long may Old England, &c.

For when into winter quarters the French do retire,
Of providing for ſuch numbers their Flemiſh friends will tire;
For the ſake of pudding here the rogues would ſoon come over,
And our patriots would all ſubſcribe to land them ſafe at Dover.
Long may Old England, &c.

What

What a dinner they'd provide for their friends the mounſieurs,
Good beef and good pudding with plenty of ſtrong beer.
How they'd ſing *Ca ira* as they march'd up to London,
With the thoughts of good cheer, and the hopes of good plund'ring.
Long may Old England, &c.

How would Engliſhmen brook to behold ſuch diſaſters;
The men they've beat ſo often, brought here to be their maſters.
" You muſt all become French citizens, we've told you our plan,
" Or we'll cut all your throats to enforce the Rights of Man."
Never may Old England behold ſuch brutality,
Liberty and property, and no equality.

Would theſe Friends of the people but look about at home,
To beſtow their kind charities, ſo far they need not roam.
A hundred thouſand ſacks of flour, with blankets, coats and ſhoes,
A hundred thouſand would bleſs them for, and be joyful at the news.
Long may Old England be fam'd for hoſpitality,
Liberty and property, and no equality.

Let no knaves us allure, nor no French us command,
While our property is ſecure by the laws of the land.
In planting poles of liberty let's ſcorn to bear a part,
For liberty's engrav'd on each true Britiſh heart.
Long may Old England poſſeſs good cheer and jollity,
Liberty and property, and no equality.

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